PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

GLASTONBURY '97

Sludge Dread!

MUD VIBRATIONS

Filthy tales from the world's dirtiest weekend

BECK ★ THE PRODIGY ★ ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN ★ SUPERGRASS
THE LEVELLERS ★ PLACEBO ★ SMASHING PUMPKINS ★ RAY DAVIES
DODGY ★ CAST ★ TERRORVISION ★ RADIOHEAD ★ THE SEAHORSES
MONACO ★ ASH ★ OCEAN COLOUR SCENE ★ REEF ★ PAVEMENT
PRIMAL SCREAM ★ KULA SHAKER ★ THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS
NENEH CHERRY ★ STEREOLAB ★ DUBSTAR ★ STING ★ ECHOBELLY
MANSUN ★ SUPER FURRY ANIMALS ★ THE BLUETONES

On Thursday it was touch-and-go whether we'd have a Glasto at all this year. The rain was sheeting down, the ground had turned to shite, the stages were sinking, Moby Dick had been spotted in the healing field, the police were advising all bands to arrive equipped with snorkels and Glasto was declared a disaster zone.

But the elements didn't deter the organisers, the punters piled Southwest in their droves and we waded in too. F— the rain, f— the mud… this was Glasto and we were determined to enjoy it.

And so we hired a hot-air balloon and sailed on to the site, inventing new weird slime dances to The Prodigy, pelting Symposium with slurry and growing boggle-eyed to the Scream in the Dance Tent.

Nothing could stop the party – not trenchfoot, not pneumonia, not our tent being invaded by weird tribes of slimebeings. The *NME* rocked at Glastonbury and this is our souvenir of the most explosive aquatic event since Pearl Harbour.

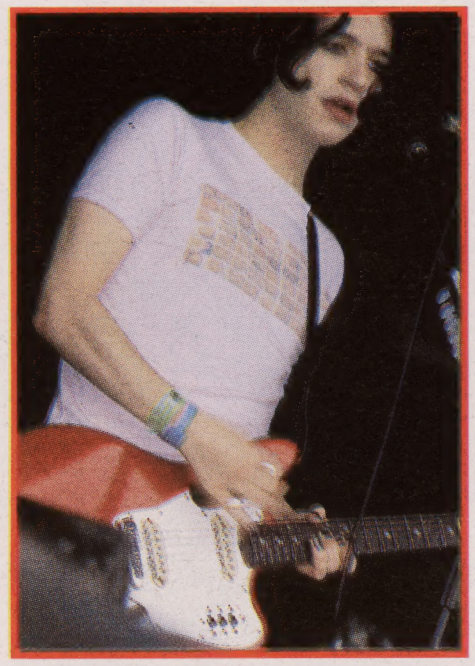
The following pages are dedicated to the intrepid thousands who braved the storms to make Glasto the crazy happening it has always been. Oh, and anyone wanna buy a used pair of wellies?

SECOND STAGE
Friday

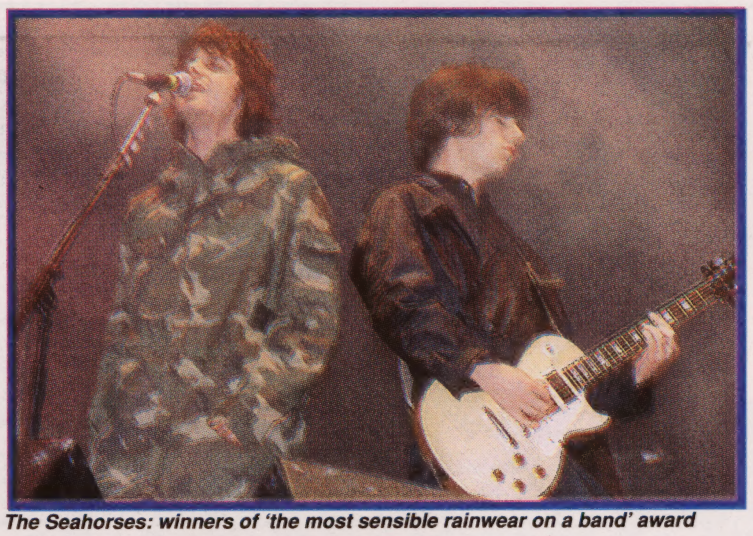
'GLOBAL WARMING? Do me a favour.' So reads the soggy sign pinned to the chest of the disappointed Embrace-ette. It's midday on Mud Day, the local livestock are too sodden to contribute even a fart's worth of methane to the greenhouse effect; then, amidst alarming reports of the sinking of the Second Stage the first ten bands are forced to cancel. The Divine Comedy lose their opportunity to show their rural tweeds. Kenickie weep glitter into their charity shop chic. Catatonia, Sneaker Pimps and Ben Folds Five vanish like wet sugar.

Only **MY LIFE STORY** show true Dunkirk spirit, arguing for hours to be allowed to play. When Jake and co arrive onstage late afternoon, two mud-dancing drunk Swedes look slightly pissed off. Yet for the rest of us it's a pleasantly incongruous display of salon valour. The Story play an acoustic, strings-only set, pulling in a sizeable crowd with gritty renditions of 'Happy' and 'Strumpet'.

For the rock show proper to commence, however, the straw bales laid at the front of the stage have to be allowed to absorb the mud. It is therefore 7pm by the time **PLACEBO** are let out.



Cheer up punters! Here's Placebo!



The Seahorses: winners of 'the most sensible rainwear on a band' award

The rain's stopped but the sky's still dead angsty and the Brian Molko three make zero concession to the climatic context. Their speed doom introspection is rammed home as hard as ever, and no-one in the crowd seems to mind being splattered with the existential goo of Brian's teen traumas. 'Come Home' is actually extra reminiscent of 'Goo' period Sonic Youth today – Brian banging away at open strings like Lee Ranaldo post-plastic surgery.

Prior to 'Nancy Boy' he reminds the half-drowned punters that, "All good things come to an end and so will you one day", which seems cruel, and then encores with a supercharged soul-in-quicksand instrumental, 'Evil Dildo', fully worthy of Joy Division at their most psychotic. Like Michael Clark at the Battle Of Agincourt, Placebo in the mud are perversely excellent.

THE SEAHORSES bring an oddly regal attitude to the battlefield. In his strange rock mackintosh John Squire leads the session buskers onstage, gives a presidential wave to the throngs of miraculously pristine beanie hats, and then appears to play by himself for an hour.

Seahorse singer Chris Helme makes an effort to ingratiate himself with the crowd, announcing that the last time he performed his solo acoustic tune 'Moving On' was "at the tea shop over there" and makes the most of the likes of 'Suicide Drive' and 'Happiness Is Egg-Shaped'. But much of the time he and Squire are in different universes – Chris in the English folk-rock terrain of Lindisfarne, and Squire running up and down the fretboard round Brian May's hairdresser's patio. 'Love Is The Law' is majesterial but with all that water they could've gelled better.

As if scheduled to represent the flipside to baroque guitaring, **ASH** bounce out into the darkness, tearing into 'Jack Names The Planets' with zero finesse and maximum *joie-rider de vivre* attitude. With his hair looking longer and flopping about, Tim looks appropriately Ramones-like and with Mark cutting pogo corn circles into the stage they punk-surf it brilliantly.

A new tune currently called 'Film Song' shows no sign of deviating from the ramalam pop formula, zipping past like a mad cow on rollerblades. They make a punk roots tribute in the form of The Buzzcocks' 'I Don't Mind'. And keep the energy levels up, bouncing back off the microphones like they're getting electric shocks and speeding though to 'Kung Fu' like the über-good, streamlined, knee tremblin' streak o'bubblegum grunge that they are.

On a day when the loudest cheer of the afternoon comes for a girl who urinates into a mud lake in full view of the trudging masses, **REEF** make more sense than many of our more limp-wristed artistes. Earthy, see.

"Awwwwwright now!" Half a low-slung boogie tune into the set and the rapport with the body-surfin' crowd is cemented in West Country clay. Gary's down on the edge of the stage giving the townies the 'Summers In Bloom' tourist guide – "This song's about a road over there if instead of going to Glastonbury you take a left and go past the second pub…". And with new tune 'Clay Pit' featuring a thoroughly acid-friendly loop none of the mud fer it kids have to tramp tent-wards feeling they've missed out on the dance aspect by foregoing The Prodigy.

The main stage has its Firestarters. The second stage has its funked as f— Mirestarters. On a slippery when wet Friday, Reef – the Outdoor Rock Gods Par Excellence – were just what we needed to pull the night out of the ditch.

Roger Morton

PICTURES: ANDY WILLSHER

Tim Ash entertains the boys and girls from, er, marsh, while (above right) West Country boy Gary Reef provides the local touch

MAIN STAGE
Friday

RAIN. FLOODS. Closed access routes. Traffic tailbacks. A fast-sinking Second Stage. Rumours of headline bands pulling out. Muddy swamps the size of a small European principality. Toppled sewage tankers. This, in a few words, sums up Glastonbury '97. A festival organised, surely, by Eavis & Butt-head.

This is not a day, however, to give a fig about funny-faced farmers and their army of tractor-chundering charmers. No sirree, Friday is all about the singer and his song: more specifically, we refer to that strange breed, The Frontman, and how each individual superduperstar copes with conditions more akin to mud-wrestling than melodic mayhem.

Ian McCulloch of **ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN** is first up, his immaculate sartorial disposition suggesting a swift return to cowpat-free civilisation post-gig. And much like the Mac himself, the Bunnymen have decided to grow old stylishly, blending the exalted old (cf, 'Lips Like Sugar', 'Rescue') with the mellow musings of their forthcoming 'Evergreen' LP.

Admittedly, a dubiously Doors-esque ramble through 'Do It Clean' is bollocks, but when 'Nothing Ever Lasts Forever' smoothly outshines even 'The Back Of Love' you have to tip your hat to the Original Gravers' boogie-mungous blend of melancholy and melody. Smart quote: "Nice shades!" A-ha! Mac spots the only other person in Wiltshire wearing sunglasses! The cat.

No such feline pouting from **TERRORVISION**'s Tony Wright. Eschewing any notion of reserved cool, he's more Bradford Moshpit than Brad Pitt (yeah, cheers), dressing like a refugee from *Man About The House* boinging on the spot and giving his 'I'm-mad-me!' all throughout 'Celebrity Skin', 'Middle Man' and 'Babyface'. Tragically, Tony's 'I'm-mad-me!' all is slaveringly out-of-key, so we slide off mildly embarrassed before the 'Vish terrorise Bowie.

Smart quote: "If you can't jump up and down to this, you *must* be stuck in the mud!" Nope, we can't. So yes, we are. Thanks, Tone!

Still, Beck's next. He's the singer in, uh, **BECK**, dontchaknow? And, fake plastic burgers, is this boy flying?! In fact, he's flying like a crazed crypto-Prince, screaming at the crowd, careering from soul pastiche to filthy gruntcore and just generally 'working' the whole goddamned festival site. In 'Jackass' he makes like Neil Diamond. This is possibly the most predictable aspect of his entire hugely entertaining, hairily loose-limbed set, by the end of which he has Glasters waving its arms in the air like the England cricketers appealing for LBW on, erm, LSD.

Right! Smart quote: "This is one sexy jam going on!" It is, too.

Gaz from **SUPERGRASS** is rather less verbose in his attempts to whip up a storm, relying on the stoneheads' old standby of "Y'alright?" when the mood takes him. Sadly, the sun does not hit the sky when they blaze through 'Sun Hits The Sky', but then again we aren't caught by the fuzz and the grass isn't actually super – it is flattened mercilessly beneath a brown sludge that sucks at poorly-laced DMs. Anyway, the 'Grass are frantic and thrashy and hyperactive and when they aren't being any of those things they are wonderfully hazy – top marks in particular for the acoustic massage of 'It's Not Me'.

Smart quote, courtesy of Gaz: "This is dedicated to all you freaks and weirdos out there! You know who you are!" Yowsa! He speaks! Quite a bit, like!

Billy Corgan, on the other extremely muddied paw, does not speak quite a bit, like. Perhaps all this looking like Yul-Brynner-in-*Westworld* is getting to the poor chap, but by the Lord Bongo above, **SMASHING PUMPKINS** are a hideously joyless proposition. The deliciously nifty '1979' aside, Corgan and sidekick James Idha give it a big Donington vibe, all squealing axe solos and, uh, even longer squealing axe solos, with a side order of screeching guitar carnage. Hey! If this is a party, then it must be pooped.

We trust that the Pumpkins are convinced they are pushing back the barriers of alternative rock, but theirs is still the kind of show that reminds you that you've been standing around in sludge for nigh on ten hours in Wellington boots you purchased this morning in Yeovil and, Christ, your feet are really starting to bastard well bloody hurt.

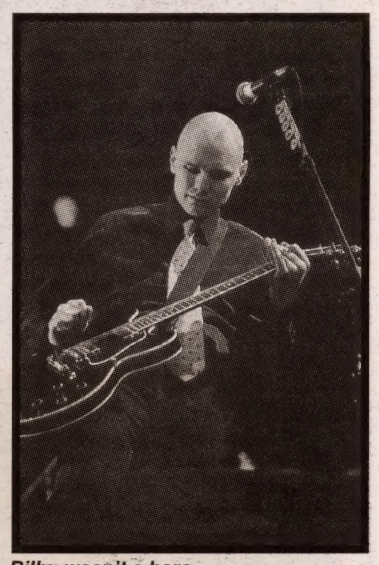
Smart quote: "……!" Thanks, Billy!

Maxim Reality is having fun, as well. "What the f— was that?" he snaps. Well, at a rough guess that's the sound of **THE PRODIGY** stalking offstage having played only two songs, my old china. After 15 minutes of stage silence, with the natives becoming somewhat restless (drugs, as any decent copper will tell you *are* time sensitive, after all), Dennis Pennis is sent on to end his career. A couple of crap jokes later, the job appears cut and dried. Then, amazingly, he sings a song in Hebrew and manages to singlehandedly resurrect the midnight vibe.

After which, The Prodders seemingly get their circuits sorted out and sprint through phat, fuzzy excerpts from 'The Fat Of The Land'. The sound still swings between being perfectly loud and dismally muffled, but unlike all before them The Prodders have, in Maxim, Keef and Liam a frenzied attack of front*men*, all flailing limbs and unfailing devotion to the cause of 'buzzing' the crowd. Consider that two years ago they were headlining across the fields while Oasis slobbed their way around this very stage. Then consider that during 'Firestarter' Keeeeef falls over. Twice. Smart quote: "Despite the weather we're still f—ing here!" hollers Maxim. Yeah, just…

Simon Williams

The Bunnymen: um, Mac, those shades aren't strictly necessary, are they?

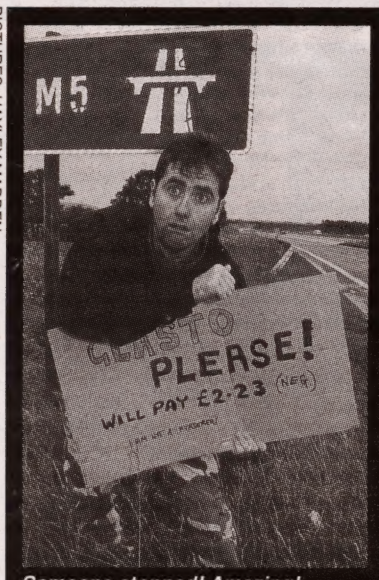


Where it's splat: Beck rocks the catskills, while (above right) The Prodigy's Maxim is the original mirestarter

Billy: wasn't a hero

PICTURES: STEVE DOUBLE

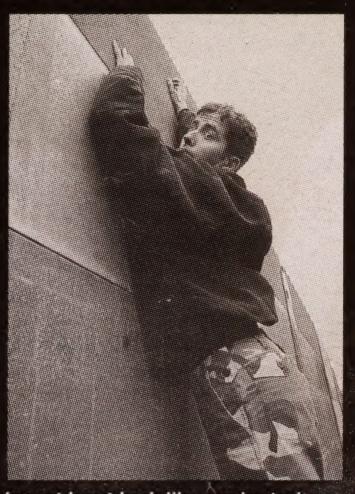
PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN



Someone stopped! Amazing!

IAN FORTNAM sets forth to Glastonbury armed only with a tenner, a lot of guile and a pack of lies…

THURSDAY, 6.15am Arise early and take up prime position on slip road off St Albans service station, A1 exit. Starts raining. Vow that if no-one stops within 15 minutes I will renounce music journalism forever and spend my tenner on a small kumquat farm in a country with very low annual precipitation figures and live as a humble peasant until I die. **3.24pm** Still raining. No-one has stopped, put off perhaps by my sign, which states 'Glasto Please! Will Pay £2.23 (negotiable)! I Am Not A Murderer!' Spend 26p on a Flake. Should keep me going 'til Saturday. **4.30pm** Godfrey, a primary school teacher and part-time naturist from Basildon, stops in his rainbow-painted 'Reefer Bus' and agrees to take me to Glasters. He claims that he's "only going to see Hawkwind" and seems to be under the impression it is 1973 and T-Rex are headlining. Oh dear.



Ian, at least look like you're trying

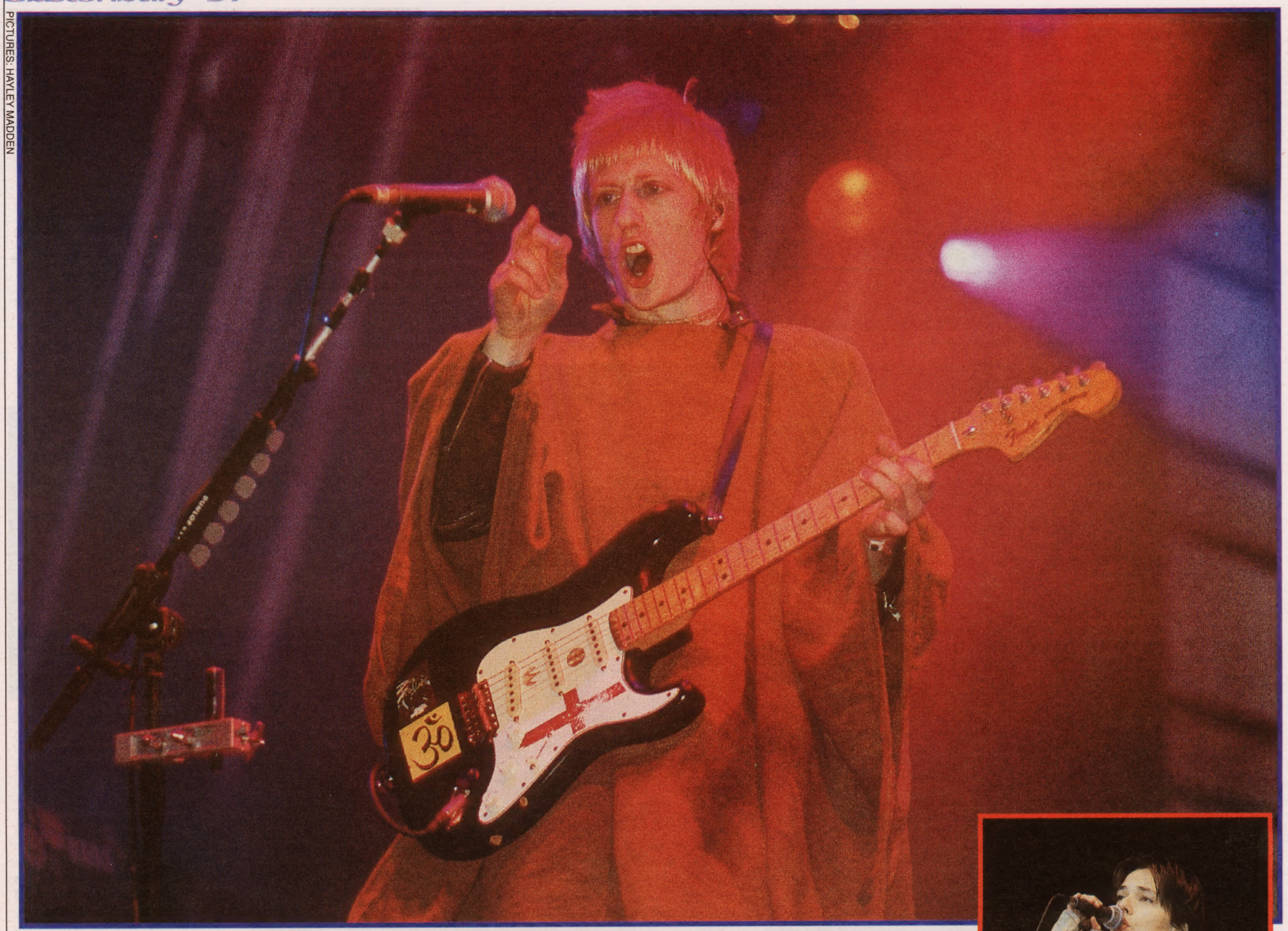
8.30pm Reach Glastonbury alive. Immediately form the Glastonbury Fence Freedom Liberation Front and armed with a bicycle spanner and a large inflatable hammer make my way across sodden fields to a fence which I scale with ease by standing on a passing sheep. I'm in!

8.45pm Or maybe not. Finally see the real perimeter and make several thousand attempts to get a foothold on the metal wall. Eventually get caught by a security guard while trying to bash down the inner gate with inflatable hammer. "You're not allowed in this area!" he yells, grabbing us by our cagoules with one hand and opening a magic invisible door in the fence with the other, "You'll have to go back inside I'm afraid." SUCCESS!

9.30pm Toast my triumph with a slap-up Botulism Burger (£1.50) and take the opportunity of the happy love-in trust vibe to steal six-pack of Fosters and run away to the Tepee Field and hide. Get blootered off cheesebox and pass out in a tepee alongside family of naked vegan Christians who have adopted me and called me 'River Phoenix Moonbeam Phillips'.

CONTINUES OVER

PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN



Crispian Mills shows off his high priest of weirdness cloak thing... or is it an anorak?

SECOND STAGE

Saturday

AS IT says in one of Crispian Mills' favourite Sanskrit texts: 'Truly, those who voluntarily leave their warm dwellings to stand in an exceptionally muddy field with inadequate sanitation are not brave. No. They are very stupid indeed.' And thus, with this wisdom in mind, we trudge wearily, through an avalanche of mud, to Day Two.

This is the stage that could not be put down. By God, it is the Rocky of stages: and it will not be vanquished by something as wussy as mere rain. It is bloody, but it is not broken, and here to dice with death are men in black.

They are **JONATHAN FIRE*EATER**, and they are playing to precisely four people: beat poets with sallow skin, they find themselves faced with the challenge of enticing those few present to worship the same things as they – chiefly the works of Nick Cave. They triumph for one good reason: today, it is not sunny. And neither are they.

SILVER SUN follow with the music they used to call fraggle, but will not be put down. Their moment is chiefly 'Last Day', when singer James simultaneously becomes both Noel and Liam Gallagher, yet they quickly flop back into their indigenous T-shirt rock, though support for this on the site is rapidly diminishing. This morning the BBC airlifted Steve Lamacq out, and brought in Kate Adie instead. And she digs it not.

An air-raid siren heralds the arrival of **DUB WAR**. Dub War, meanwhile, herald the arrival of some quite appalling thrash rock. This proves too much, and the number of people in the field dwindles to three.

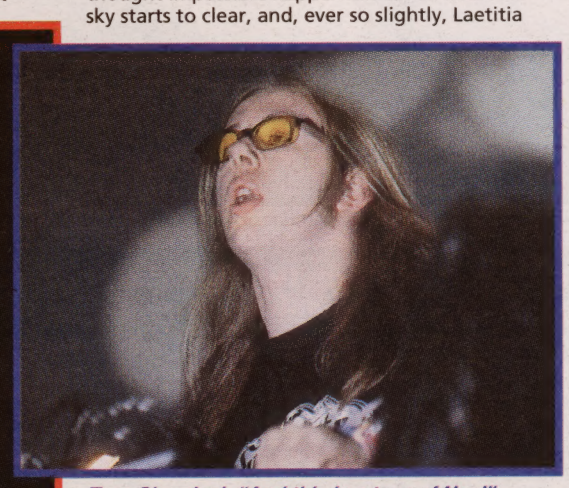
It takes some of the War's Newport contemporaries to draw them back. "What are all you Welsh bastards doing here?" yells the marvellously unputdownable Richard from **60FT DOLLS**, refreshed as he is by his first visit to Glastonbury. He then goes on to admit, however, that he "hates the f—ing countryside". A remark made first by the Manic Street Preachers, but something which – like their tunes – proves an important point. They take their time, the Dolls, but they always get there in the end.

But wait! Someone in the crowd has just called Andrew Montgomery from **GENEVA** a ponce. "I'll have y' after," he growls, but this is plainly not likely to happen, because Geneva are not so much ponces as piss-poor excuses for ponces. For in spite of trying to rock up their act – ooh, it's shades all round – and a quite stupendous 'Tranquilizer', they rock precisely as hard as a glass of warm shandy.

It is down to **STEREOLAB** to turn the tide of terrible. Formerly to be found grinding down the good folk of last year's Phoenix with their famous 'Festival Ordeal By Experimental Music' routine, today they neither Moog doodle nor subsonically rumble. No, they play the sublime 'Crest' and, as Tim Gane leans over his guitar to begin the fearsomely intense bit of thrashing that concludes 'Metronomic Underground', two things long thought impossible happen almost at once: the sky starts to clear, and, ever so slightly, Laetitia

Hot Gossip or what?... Laetitia 'dancing'

Andrew Geneva offers out the bastard who threatened to muck up his T-shirt



Tom Chemical: "And this is a tape of Noel"

Sadier begins to dance.

"*C'est la vie*," she says, and majestically Stereolab depart to the decidedly post-rock sound of gnashing teeth.

Sarah from **DUBSTAR** does not gnash. Sarah's thing is impassive. She makes Liam Gallagher look like 'Shape Up And Dance'-period Felicity Kendall, and as the crowd wait patiently for 'Not So Manic Now', she looks increasingly like a person just waiting to be steamrollered by **NENEH CHERRY**.

For Neneh rocks hard. In fact, Neneh not only rocks hard, she rocks in wellies, and proceeds to kick, as it were, gumboot ass; playing 'Man-Child' first, and then doing 'Together Now', a caterwauling bit of disco-metal she wrote with Tricky. Neneh, in short, does not leave the stage. She has to be forcibly restrained.

All you can see of **THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS** is their heads. Not perhaps the most invigorating spectacle in theory, but the sight of the flailing hair of Tom Chemical over his patented Hard Sum computers is a refreshing change from the lab technician demeanour of, say, Orbital. The ground pulses with the dense algorithms of the pioneers of Lager Dance. But who will do 'Setting Sun'? Will it be... Noel? It's Noel alright... on tape. But as Ocean Colour Scene often say, a little Noel's got to be better than no Noel at all.

Glastonbury then ends, and psychedelic baggy Woodstock commences. Crispian Mills may well be one of the most ludicrous individuals on the festival site. He has the feather cut. He has the chat: "This is a soooong about looove and peeeace and the phewwwwture." But crucially he has **KULA SHAKER**, and as the fireworks behind the stage paint eerily incandescent patterns to 'Grateful When You're Dead', it is impossible not to be moved by the exuberance of his wigged-out wah-wah Eastern vision.

"Thanks for... staying," he mumbles, "they said everyone was going to go hoooome because of the weather."

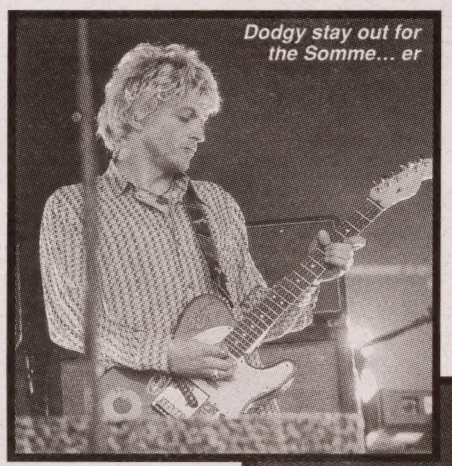
They didn't, of course. Like Crispian's '60s mentors would say: if we all think hard enough, maybe we can stop the rain.

John Robinson

MAIN STAGE
Saturday

IN HELL, no-one can hear you scream as you pull your blasted wellie out of the suppurating mire of one-foot-deep mud causing severe muscular rippage of the tendons in the lower leg. It's a new Glasto' ailment. It's called Glasto' Calf and it f—ing hurts, OK? For this kind of sure hospitalisation – pain? gain! – we want class in return. We want Oasis and the Manics and The Verve and The Stone Roses and the Rolling Stones in '68 as it happens, because we are 100,000 people in need of spiritual uplift and we receive, for 75 damp nicker, **THE WANNADIES** instead.

At 11.10am, 15 people ski past on their way to the bog. Unfeasibly, the 'Dies are springy in a field long springless, springy enough to wish everyone an "absolutely fantastic day!", the sarcastic bastards.


Dodgy stay out for the Somme... er

Everyone then promptly goes back to sleep because **REPUBLICA** have turned up and no interesting hair hues can save them now. *"I wanna get off, I wanna get off with you!"* yowls Saffron, who obviously has a big thing for wellies which snails live on. We, however, do not and spurn her (Transvision) vamp ways.

"Keith Martin!" blares a man over the Tannoy, suddenly, "Can you please go to the information desk at the Pyramid Stage because your wife has just gone into labour." Born to the sound of Republica. Doomed!

"This one's for the new baby..." howls Crisp from **THE LONGPIGS** in sympathy 20 minutes later, his band, as ever, trucking gamely through a set of soaring emotional torpor and the big rocky ones which heralds the beginning of today's burgeoning theme: Prog Rock.

What we actually need, of course, is a singsong to fill the cavernous slurry within and **RAY DAVIES** provides it, with the opening acoustic gambit of 'Waterloo Sunset'. Then he ruins it all with some more acoustic dribbling and a decimation of the obligatory 'You Really Got Me' which has turned, scandalously, from a three-minute pop classic into a nine-minute prog rock opus.

And as if that isn't bad enough here comes Stuart Bloody Adamson from Big Country to do some geetar skews on something no-one's ever heard of and doesn't even have the decency to make his guitar sound like a bagpipe for a laugh or anything. "It's been a pleasure and a privilege to play with the greatest living songwriter of all time!" weeps Stuart. Hmm.

The singsong worked, however, for three whole minutes, so the same should be said of the Holy Noelrock Trinity of Cast, Dodgy and Ocean Colour Scene, who, on their days, have rocked the festival 'circuit' asunder with their relentless chirpfest jollity (apart from the Scene, that is, but at least their shoes are nice. And still are, being mud-swerving jessies).

What's more, everything **CAST**'s John Power has ever said is Truth even if he is the man whose inspirational life philosophy can be heard in the words of Captain Sensible's 'Happy Talk' (ie, if you don't have a dream, then how you gonna have a dream come trooooo. La). He'll woo us again, surely, because he is better than today's simple run through of the hits suggests – and better than most people on Earth, as it happens, which may be his problem, in the long jump.

DODGY (The Fun-Sized Who, to give them their full title) used to play Queen's 'Don't Stop Me Now' for a festival wheeze and now they don't. Instead, they have Math shouting, "I'm off me f—ing face!" and requesting some woman sit herself back on someone's shoulders "'cos you look off yer tits!" (at least we think that's what he said).

'Staying Out For The Summer' (which turns into 'Good Vibrations') amuses the beleaguered masses (*"playing games in the rain..."*), some trumpets and gospel quavers stir the fractured senses for a while, but still we crave something special.

In the face of all this, **OCEAN COLOUR SCENE** (who arrived in an Oxfam van, jocularly enough) are primed to soar; they plummet, however, in a mire of prog-rock skweedles hewn from the remnant of Neil Young's bonnet even though they're not as bad as everyone makes out and Simon Fowler is a very nice man capable of astounding impersonations of Pam Ayers which makes him alright in anyone's book, except for today where only spiritual elevation will do.

And that means **RADIOHEAD** who, instantaneously, show up the sheer-dropped gulf between smashing-bloke copyists and the evolutionary. Glastonbury '97 elevates right out of the quagmire and stands, askew, at the celestial beam of atmospherics present on everything from the masterpiece that is 'OK Computer': 'Subterranean Homesick Alien', 'Karma Police', 'Paranoid Android', 'No Surprises'... the stuff they called "shimmering shards" in the olden days, which today is prog-rock gone to heaven and impaled on the strings of Venus' harp. Thom, however, is still aggrieved.

"Right!" he hollers, back for the glittering, firework-fuelled encore of 'The Tourist' and 'Fade Out'. "Turn those two blue lights at the front off f—ing now. I couldn't see a f—ing soul for the whole of the show. I wanna see them!"

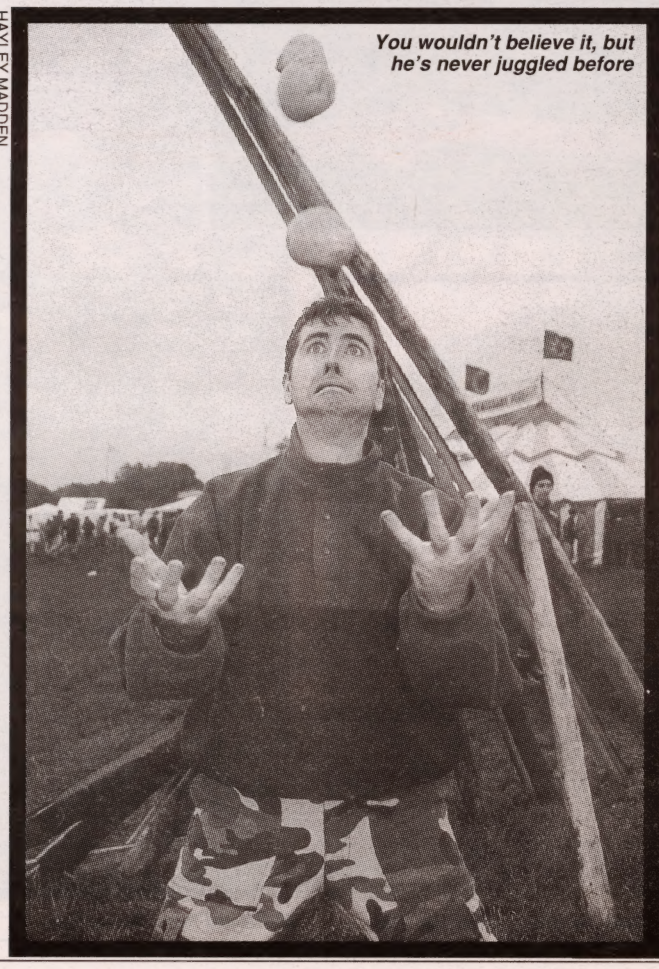
He means it, man. And so do we, and simultaneously thank God for the little feller with the wonky eye and the musicianly genius/hunk called Jonny in his arm-brace and shout "Cripple-rock rules!" because up there on the furthest hillocks, where the woman dressed up as a jellyfish roams, the mud on the top of the yonder festival known as Glastonbury '97 has all turned purple. Like, it actually *has*. Glastonbury, see, no matter what, never really lets you down.

Sylvia Patterson

Cast: it's Bonnie Langford!

PICTURES: DEREK RIDGERS

OCS' Simon Fowler gets the mud revival going


You wouldn't believe it, but he's never juggled before

HAYLEY MADDEN

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

FRIDAY, 12.15pm Thrown out of Christians' tepee after suggesting they buy me a bacon sarnie for breakfast. Bastards. Down to £1.99 already. Only one thing for it. Must learn to juggle.

1.20pm Join the Juggling Workshop in the Theatre Field. Find I am the tallest member of the class by at least three feet. Learn that the best way to con hippies out of their spare change is to throw one potato from hand to hand while looking really scared and standing on one leg. After five minutes, remember the concept of shame and give up.

5.10pm Several hours later, I have a great idea. Set up Traditional Tibetan Peasant Hair-Braiding stall in the main market, using a long piece of string found on the floor. Method: stick string to scalp with mud; chew end of string at usual hair length; accept Visa, Switch but mostly cash. Make £15.78 in ten minutes, until I am investigated by a representative of the crack Glastonbury Traders Slap-Wrist Standards Association, who is dressed as a rhino. Huge meal from Uncle Paulo's Mexican Sting-Your-Ring stall (£3.50) plus three pints of Olde Scrumpy Vomitjuice (£6.75) and have so far made a 4p profit from Glasto '97. Piece of piss, this.

Mmm, where do we get one?

Going for BROKE

CONTINUES OVER

STEVE DOUBLE

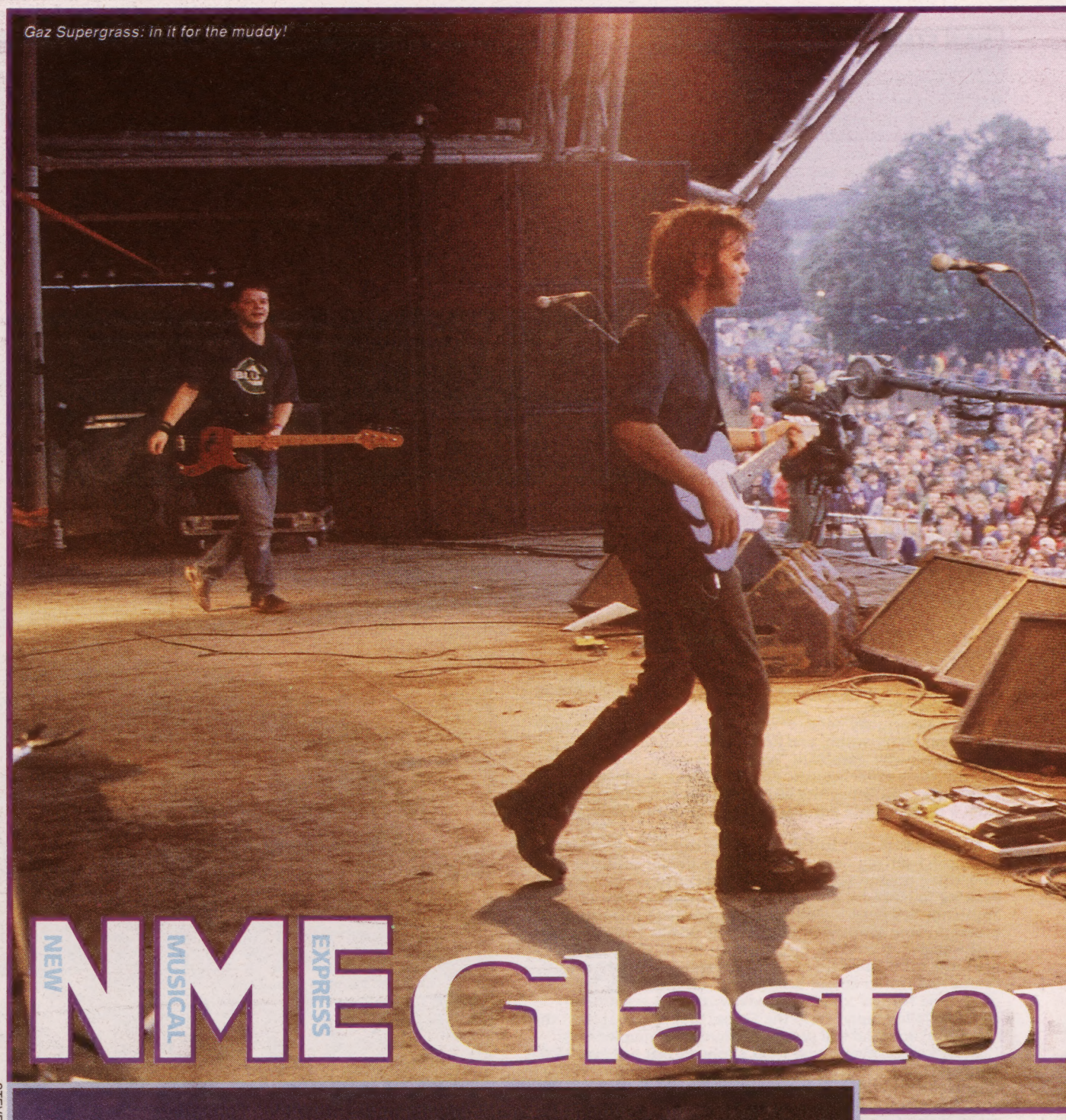
... And who says **NME** *is full of hot air?*

STEVE DOUBLE

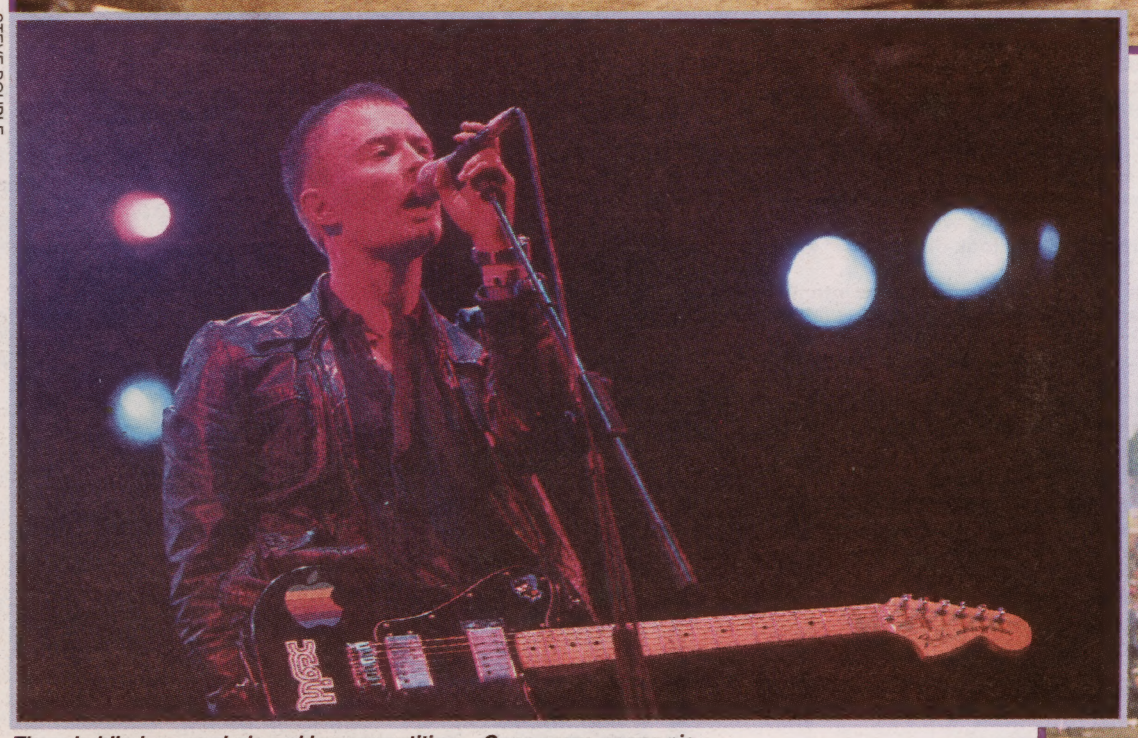
Michael Eavis on farm-aceuticals? Fnarr!

STEVE DOUBLE

Mark Leveller gives it some welly



Gaz Supergrass: in it for the muddy!



Thom in hilarious mud-pie making competition... Oops sorry, wrong pic

STEVE DOUBLE

Uh-oh photographer with new lens alert...

STEVE DOUBLE

... Or was it the sheep worming pills after all?

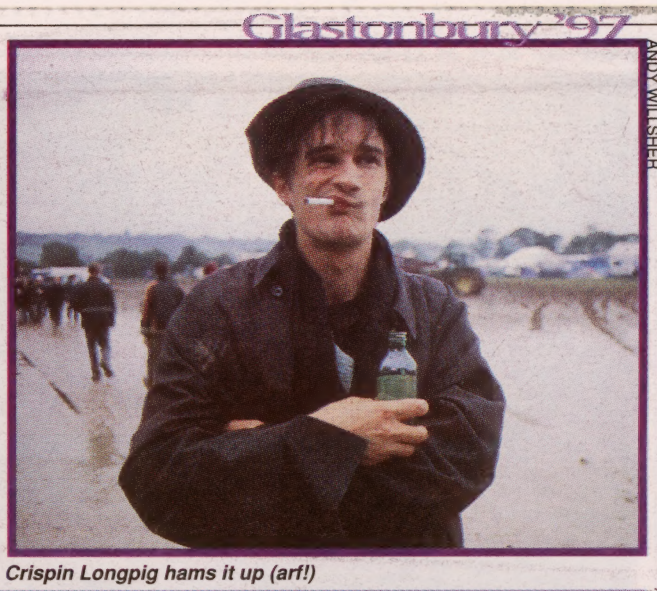
Postcard from the hedge...

MARTIN GOODACRE

STEVE DOUBLE

STEVE DOUBLE

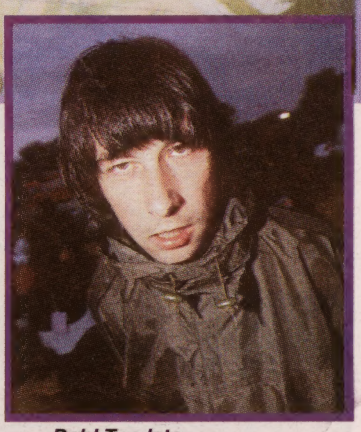
Tim Ash gets his heads together; the kids carry on, er, humping



ANDY WILLSHER

Crispin Longpig hams it up (arf!)

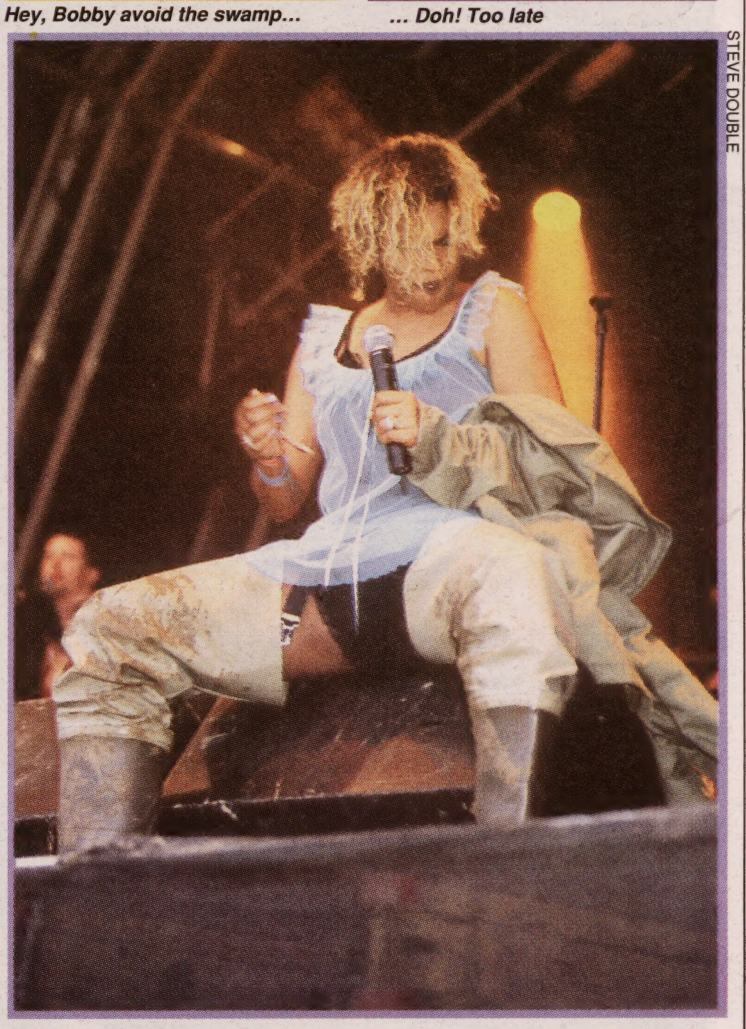
Hey, Bobby avoid the swamp...



STEVE DOUBLE

... Doh! Too late

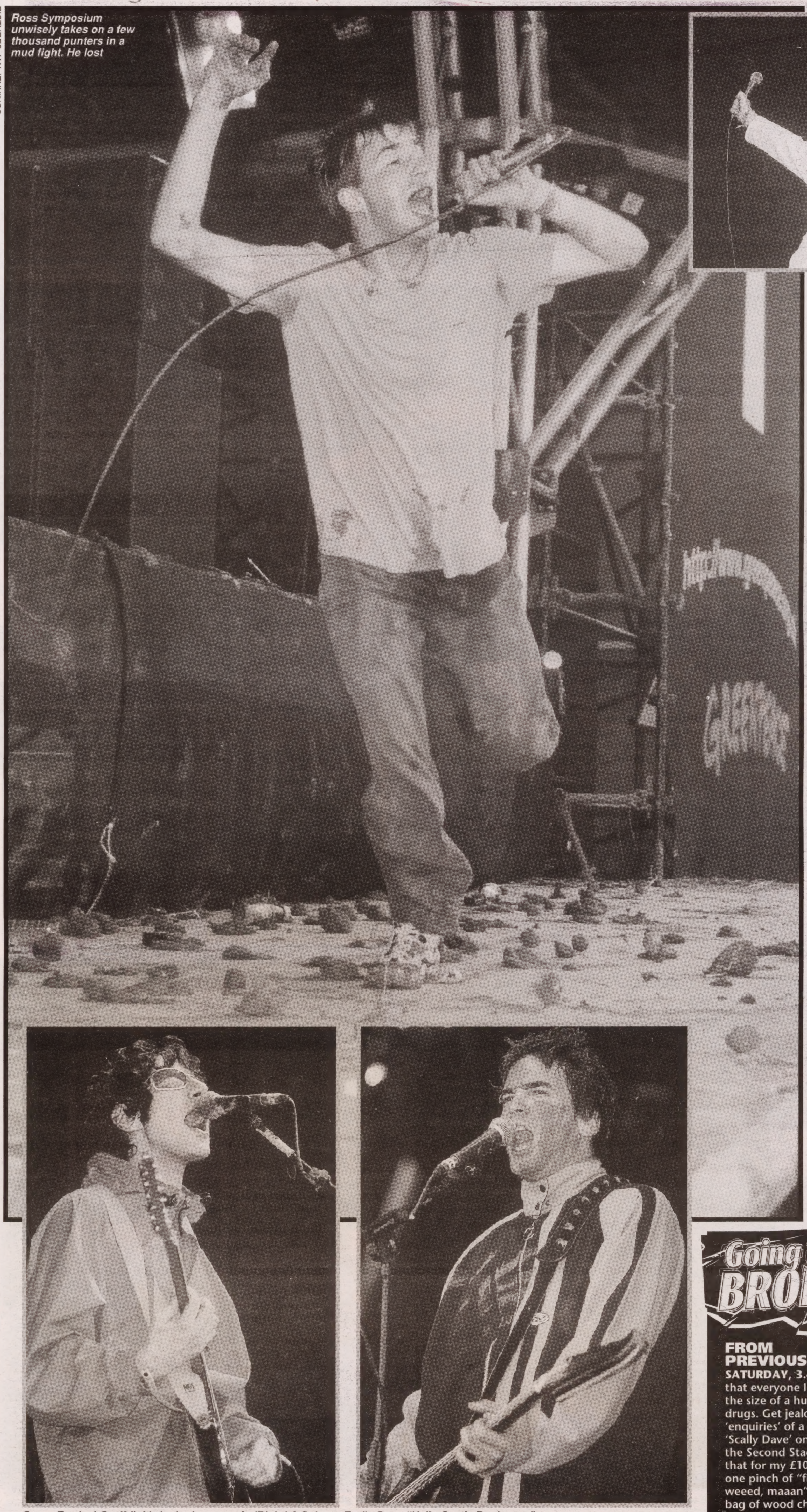
STEVE DOUBLE



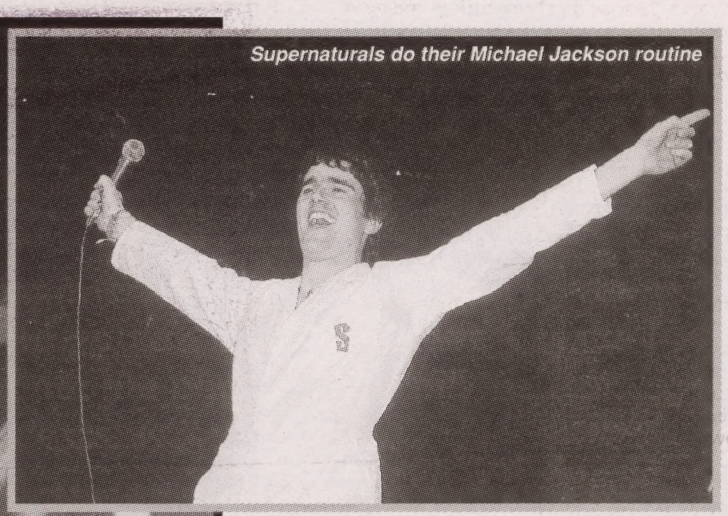
STEVE DOUBLE

Wader go, Neneh!

PICTURES: IAN JENNINGS



Ross Symposium unwisely takes on a few thousand punters in a mud fight. He lost



Supernaturals do their Michael Jackson routine

Super Furries' Gruff (left) don't give a muck. (Right) 3 Colours Red's Pete: "Hello Castle Donington"

SECOND STAGE

Sunday

"YOUR HEAD is a brick wall," Fran Healy howls at the trench-footed and shattered survivors, *"and your heart is a football..."*

No shit. As noon dawns over what's widely become known as the 'Heavy Soul' field (takes forever to get through it and it's full of crap) the survivors gather, clutching honorary Duke Of Edinburgh awards. They nurse chemical hangovers and broken hearts from the previous night's indulgences and they are resigned to taking a personal piece of Glastonbury '97 home in their underwear.

So who better to soothe the hangover from Radiohead than **TRAVIS**, being, as they are, a hungover Radiohead. If 'Paranoid Android' is the 4am acid trip to Venus and back then 'A Good Day To Die' and 'All I Want To Do Is Rock' are the hours spent waiting for the headache pills to kick in – no less epic or devastating in the soul-scorching department but far more at one with being kicked in the teeth by life's sharp pointy stiletto.

And no-one is more familiar with that heel-in-face feeling than **THE SUPERNATURALS**. Yet, marching onstage in matching white boiler suits like a scene from *Clockwork Orange: The Musical!* they set about turning Glasto into the world's largest playpen. There goes Ken, the keyboardist, leaping around like the rock Keith Prod. And there's singer James shouting "HELLO READING!", playing piano really badly and knocking out pop stealth fighters ranging from the epic (new single 'Love Has Passed Away') to the sublime (Dexys pastiche 'Dylan's Day Off') to the bit-like-'Size Of A Cow' (all the singles). Which confirms The Supernaturals as the most laugh-a-minute/gasp-a-second pop band in the entire Shepton Mallet district.

It only takes about 30 seconds of **3 COLOURS RED**'s mighty Donington rumblings – finally transposed into their proper Monsters Of RAWWWK setting – for the crowd to realise that mud is ideal for lobbing at musicians. Which is where we find **SYMPOSIUM** learning Festival Rule Number One: Never Suggest Target Practice. "C'mon then you f—ers!" Ross yells, only to find the remains of their storming and remarkably mature set marred as half of the field is transported by air on to the stage.

An emergency Peace Keeping Force (Michael Eavis wittering on about "the Glastonbury spirit") is drafted in and **SUPER FURRY ANIMALS** are greeted by a noticeably more 'chilled' Glasters, whom they will entertain with repetitive swearing, several hundredweight of radio tuning noises and at least one song about magic scissors that make your hair grow. And while the new material chases the next Great Solo a little too far down Prog Boulevard, when they've got ready-made Glasto anthems like 'Something For The Weekend' stuffed down their wellies you can forgive their noodling tendencies.

Still, then it's time for some simpler pop 'thrills' with **ECHOBELLY** and their startling return with a whole new set of majestically average songs that sound exactly like... Echobelly. Which is to say they sound like music without any recognisable style or passion that can be found in the section marked '100 per cent Indie'.

They have enough classic pop crowd-pleasers ('Insomnia', 'Great Things', etc) to remind us why they were Number One Floor-Filler at Bangin' Dave's In-Dee Dizzgow in Barnsley in 1993. Admirable enough, but in the wicked pop world

Going for BROKE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

SATURDAY, 3.45pm Notice that everyone I see has pupils the size of a huge pile of drugs. Get jealous. Make 'enquiries' of a man called 'Scally Dave' on the bridge to the Second Stage. He tells me that for my £10.04 I can buy one pinch of "finest skooonk weeed, maaan" from the very bag of wood chippings that I had personally sold to his friend as 'official Smashing Pumpkins potpourri' for 12p this morning (result!). Drugs, it appears, are out of my price range. By now, will smoke anything.

4.15pm Arrive at Joe Bananas stall to find they do not sell any bananas at all. Must seek narcotics elsewhere.

4.30pm Purchase one banana from Mystic Maggie's Spiritual Veg stall for 57p (damn those capitalist fruit cartels!) and retire to the Sacred Space to 'chill'. Light my 'Acapulco Yellow'. Colours seem more vibrant. There are smells of tropical forests, and the vague sensation of being

of Glasto '97 they do seem stuck in the mud. Ahem.

But wait! Here comes **MANSUN**, hyper charged and ready to be crowned Stadium Rock Godheads once and for all. Paul Draper strikes the pose of the Second Coming, only cooler. The drums thunder. Stove goes to open 'Stripper Vicar' with a chord designed to shake the very ley lines from the ground. His guitar squeaks. Two songs later the PA packs up altogether and Mansun storm off, leaving us to wait until their debut Wembley gig to witness their inevitable inauguration. Pilton, we have a problem...

Half-an-hour later, however, there is a camp "Hellooooo", and gag about "sticking around" and we have blast-off. Enter **THE BLUETONES**, intent on stealing the day and giving Mr Technical Hitch a right smack in the gob, geezah. From the opening knuckle-sandwich of 'Don't Stand Me Down', through euphoric dust-offs of 'Bluetonic' and 'Slight Return', right down to Mark Morriss' cheeky chicken dancing, this is what the Roses at Reading *should* have been: a silver anniversary celebration of the blessed union between soul and pop.

They even avoid the Echobelly bear-trap by unveiling new tunes that get their hands dirty in the grit of the warped, acid-fried corners of pop – 'Godfather Part Two' is Dolly Parton attempting a 'frug' while 'Sullivan Bites The Worm' finds Mark and Adam Devlin arguing in Spanish over a funkish shuffle tune about having seven days to live, while Mark swaggers around like a tripping baboon. Marvellous.

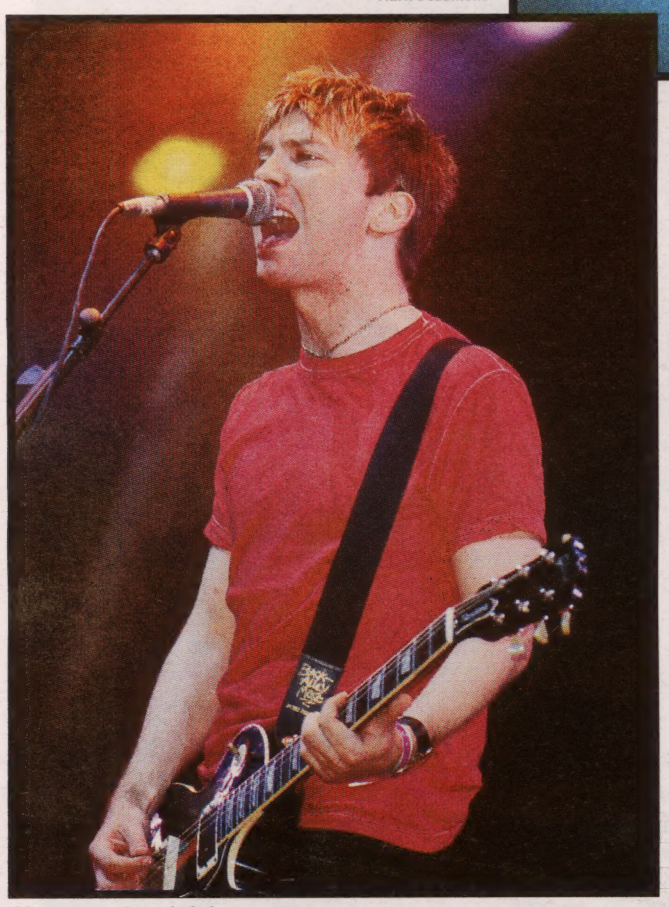
And so the weekend closes not with a bang but with a roar. The sky may have been Downpour Grey and the earth Hippyshit Brown, but Glasto '97 will be remembered in sparkling shades of blue.

Mark Beaumont

IAN JENNINGS

The Bluetones' Mark Morriss cuts some frug

IAN JENNINGS



Mansun make a brief appearance

ANDY WILLSHER

Van: even his guitarist seems unconvinced

MAIN STAGE
Sunday

AD 4097: Architects in Somerset uncover the perfectly preserved remains of a man buried beneath a field near the town of Glastonbury in Somerset. They are calling the discovery 'Pilton Man'. Scientists date the bones as being over 2,000 years old. An autopsy reveals the man probably died of boredom, or possibly culture shock, after getting off his face at Primal Scream and Radiohead the previous night, then waking up to this, a condition known to doctors as 'Oldfartus tediumis'. Piecing together historical evidence of the time and press reports, it is believed that the following is how a report of the tragedy might have looked:

After **THE GLASTONBURY TOWN BAND** and a strange man called **DONAL LUNNY** had tortured hungover campers out of their tents and up into the hills before midday, album-shy Scottish crooners **THE BLUE NILE** proceeded to consolidate the theme of the day by being old, tasteful, ever-so-slightly jazzy and bluesy, reeking of session musicians, and unashamedly in the middle of the road, being towed through the mud by a tractor.

Bloody interminable set, too, so welcome indeed is **BILLY BRAGG**'s one-man folk-punk *tour de force*. Without a band to ruin it all, he does all the greats, he's short, sharp, still full of spleen, and he explains to us the socialist theory of mud. Respect.

SHERYL CROW's California good-time country rock goes down like a mobile animal slaughterhouse here in Somerset's gruesome-time scuzz-rock central. So enter 'celtic' 'soul' 'legend' **'VAN' MORRISON**, then, to save the day with his barrel-chested blubbering bollocks. Alas, all the fat bastard does is stop each song at the earliest opportunity in order to bark, 'Oh yeah!' repeatedly into the microphone for ten minutes to prove just how much he's got the blues. You should try watching, mate. He hereby swipes the honours from our old friend **STING** for embodying the true nadir of Old Farts' Day. At least Sting plays 'Roxanne', 'Every Little Thing...', and 'Every Breath You Take'. But rest assured he can still bore for Britain, with those hymns to the pagan sun god, his land of a thousand rim shots, and the badge of naff that is jazz fusion Cagney & Lacey stylee saxophone.

ANDY WILLSHER

The kids and, er, a kid

Once again he also proves that you can guess someone's age in musical terms by the amount of soloing session musicians they introduce in each song. So that must make him about 112, then. And contrary to vicious rumour, he never held the mooted 'Tantric Sex' workshop (£5 an hour, £2 or a bottle of scrumpy for hand relief) in the healing fieid, either.

Fate intervenes at this point, however, when it is announced that born-again pensioner (and rumoured special guest) **PAUL WELLER** and long-lost living legend number 492, **STEVE WINWOOD** are staying at home with their blanket and cocoa to watch *Songs Of Praise*.

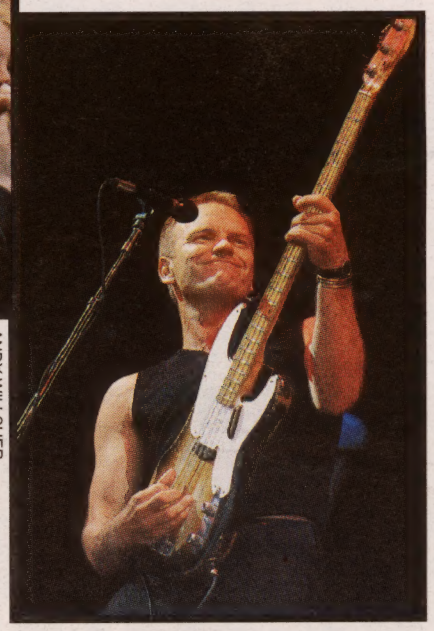
Suddenly, the Avalon vibes start to buzz once more. Replacement guests **KULA SHAKER** may talk some shite, but they can certainly rock bells, Jimmy. Even if those helmet cuts and late-'60s chic seem to embrace a problem rather than a solution for us today, unrestrained wigging out will always be the Glastonbury way.

Finally, **ASH**, with a collective age less than half of Sting's, musically at least, seize the day and shake it into submission. Theirs is a gloriously frantic, ridiculously speed-punky set that is the absolute antithesis of most all that's gone before. Hats off.

Meanwhile, somewhere in that godforsaken brown sea of shattered dreams, Pilton Man's soul is stirring. Defying history and science, the ever youthful spirit of Glastonbury once more rises above mud, MOR and mediocrity, to greet the new day.

Johnny Cigarettes

ANDY WILLSHER



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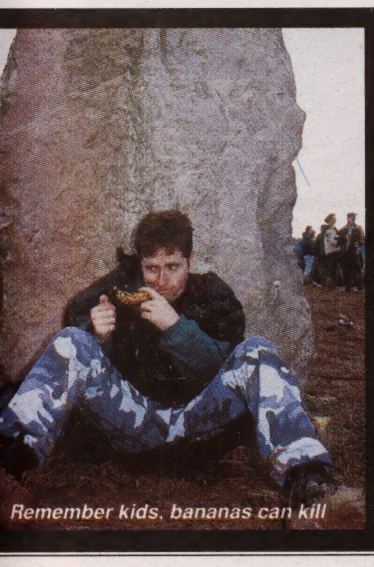


Remember kids, bananas can kill

peeled, dropped and slipped on. Throw up. Thankfully, manage to sell vomit to a nearby faith healer as 'official Glastonbury Town Band massage oil' for 56p and head off to dance in a drug-crazed fashion to Neneh Cherry.

6.30pm Go a bit 'doolally' with excitement while watching Cast and accept a dour passer-by's offer of 'tripseezwisshh'. Buy £10 worth of Tripseezwisshh which, by the miracle of modern science, is almost exactly the same as a rabbit-worming tablet. Down to 15p, but distinctly 'high' in a rabbit worm stylee. Gabba!

SUNDAY, 2.30am 'Come down' (well, wake up) outside Joe Bananas again, being trodden on by flailing crusties. Still no bananas so no cheap buzz available. Sleep time.

3.30am Hare Krishna Free Sleep Tent full.

4.00am Hospital tent full.

4.30am Bedrooms of Worthy Farm full.

5am Piss river full.

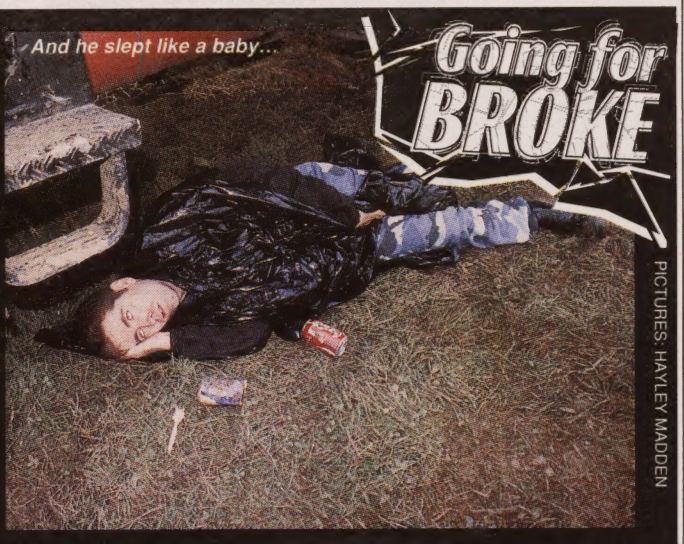
5.30am Desperation sets in. Must find shelter and warmth. Have horrid yet highly workable plan. Will sleep under a cow.

6am Can't find any cows because they've been banned from attending Glastonbury this year. Damn the countryside. Still, fall back on Plan Z: find a large lorry and then curl up underneath it like an ailing badger. As plans go, this seems unbeatable.

5.50pm Wake covered in shit, and almost get run over when the large lorry drives off very quickly splattering me in a slippery layer of toxic mud. Hide in tree until nightfall.

10.30pm HAVE SURVIVED! Still have 15p in pocket for Phoenix. Sadly, stranded outside the fence with no lift home and trench foot swiftly setting in. Know how Martin Sheen feels at end of *Apocalypse Now*. HEEEELLPP!!!

And he slept like a baby...



PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN

THE FLOOD, THE MUD

● The thing about your Glastonbury, beast of festivals, is that it fights back. Just when you thought you'd channelled the fear and the madness into something akin to enjoyable you find a claggy gremlin yapping at your wellies. JAMES OLDHAM reviews the highs and the lows of GLASTONBURY '97.

Happy as pigs in shit. Like, literally

UPPERS

1 THE RAIN
Yep, know what you're thinking, but bear with us. After all, there was no waking up in a distant field having been transformed into a small sack of charcoal by 17 hours of nuclear-powered sun rays and, er, it meant the toilets didn't smell. Admittedly, they flooded instead shortly before sinking 78 fathoms beneath the earth's surface but you can't have everything, can you?

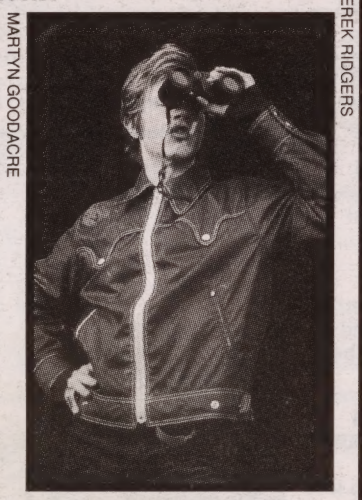
Return of the Mac... or wuss in boots?

DEREK RIDGERS

2 STEVE WINWOOD NOT TURNING UP
Having just about survived three days of monsoon Armageddon, the prospect of a Sunday evening in the company of Sting and Steve Winwood was about as appealing as eating the contents of an ashtray. No wonder, then, that the news that the old git finale had been cancelled in favour of Ash and Kula Shaker because Steve Winwood had a 'tickly' throat prompted scenes of mass jubilation and tearful relief.

3 IAN McCULLOCH
Here at last was a touch of geniune pop star class. Having informed the crowd that they should ask for a refund straight after Echo And The Bunnymen finished, McCulloch proceeded to leave the stage with the help of two 'mud' roadies holding bin bags around his legs, climb into a waiting car and speed off muttering something about never wanting to be seen near this "sea of crap" again.

4 INGENIOUS DRUG TAKING
Faced with the prospect of a weekend spent fiddling with damp skins and grime-encrusted packets of 'sugar', one man announced that he'd taken the precaution of stopping off at a DIY store on his way down to buy a black tile just in case he needed a flat surface for anything. That's planning for you.



MARTYN GOODACRE

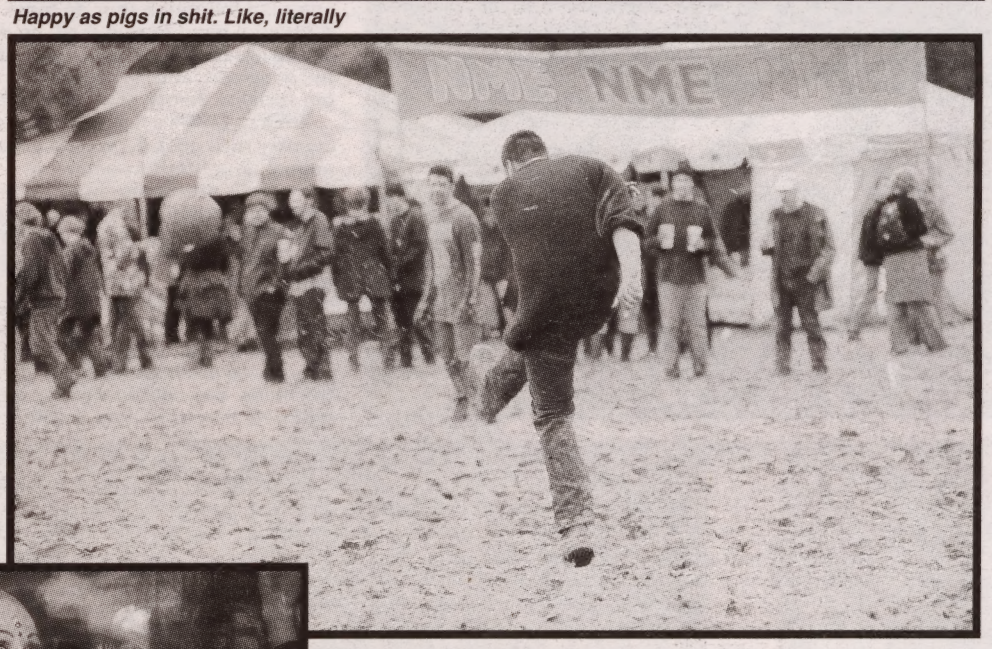
Beck: "Two turntables, a microphone and, er, binoculars"

5 BECK
The idea of a small man with enormous sideburns bouncing up and down while holding a pair of binoculars is normally not something to be encouraged. Still, when it's Beck pretending to be James Brown and delivering arguably the most energetic set of the weekend, we can make an exception. One of the greats.

6 DENNIS PENNIS
When The Prodigy disappeared for 20 minutes after playing only two songs, the prospect of the kids storming Michael Eavis' farmhouse and burying it in mud seemed highly likely. And things looked worse still when a rampant Dennis Pennis charged onstage... but then sang an impromptu 'number' in Hebrew saved the day. Who'd have thought it?

7 THE DANCE TENT
Not only was it constantly full of 500 people unable to close their eyes but dancing all the same, it was also the only place on site where any grass could be seen. Even better were the countless conversations which went along the lines of: "Have they started yet?" "I don't know I thought they came on 20 minutes ago."

8 THE MUD
Difficult to get away from the fact that whatever you did every square inch of your body was going to end up coated in a thick layer of brown sludge. That's when people started going mad: a small group started making mud sculptures of fertility symbols; there was a bruising game of 'mudball' over by the Second Stage and during Sting's set there was a hard-fought welly throwing competition taking place in the Stone Circle.



STEVE DOUBLE

Nothing comperes to Dennis!

ROB HANN

Dancing within tent! (Geddit?)

9 COMEDY MAD PEOPLE
Yes, there were jugglers. Yes, there were tiny kids from Wales banging snare drums for hours at a time while singing 'Wonderwall'. And yes, there were heavy-duty rock pigs smelling other people's bottoms while supping their drink of choice (gin and cider). But best of all was the strange man trying to contact aliens by pouring Coca-Cola on the ground. "It works every time," he assured us, before falling over.

10 SYMPOSIUM
A near-riot ensued on the Second Stage as Symposium were pelted with so much mud that the organisers threatened to cancel the rest of the day's proceedings unless the madness stopped. Needless to say, Symposium, being the young rascals they are, thought that was all *very* funny.

AND THE JUGGLY!

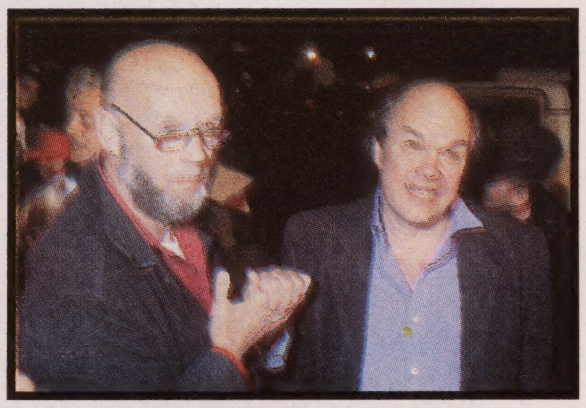
STEVE DOUBLE

DEREK RIDGERS

Copyright Lennon and MudCartney, of course (Ooh, my sides, etc – Ed)

ROB HANN

... We know and we can only apologise



Eavis and and New (farm) Labourer

Bleurrgh, bet they're snogging!

DOWNERS

1 WELLLINGTON BOOTS
Initially seemed like the only sensible choice, however after five minutes it became clear that the side effects were mighty. By that point half of Somerset was stuck to your foot and you found yourself carrying the weight of 74 men. What's more, your calf muscles immediately became so highly developed that you discovered it was now possible to kick a football for distances of up to three miles.

2 NO OASIS
The inevitable source of one million groundless rumours. In order of plausibility, Noel and Liam were definitely going to play with The Seahorses, The Chemical Brothers, Steve Winwood and finally to a select crowd of unconscious hippies over by the Healing Field. None of this was true, but at least it gave everyone something to talk about.

3 CAMPING
After a hard day stuck in the same spot utterly unable to move, how reassuring it was to know that when it was all over you could retire to your tent to relax on a mattress of clay for four hours while simultaneously coating all your possessions in mud, straw and discarded noodle boxes. No, hang on you're right, that was rubbish.

4 THE SECOND STAGE
Imagine for a moment the Battle Of The Somme crossed with Florida Seaworld. Got it. Great, because this was the field of mud apocalypse. In one corner the *NME* Tent slowly vanished into the quicksand, in the other the authorities struggled gamely to erect a crash barrier on top of a small lake. Friday's line-up was devastated and the only winners were Radcliffe and Lard's Shirehorses. Not only did they manage to play before the stage started sinking, later on someone offered them a record deal. Not something we wish to encourage.

5 BACKSTAGE ANTICS
Very few. Pop stars, it seems, are terrified of getting mucky and consequently spent most of their time cowering on buses refusing to move. What that meant to your gossip spies was no Robbie Williams or Evan Dando, but thousands of members of My Life Story revelling in the hitherto unexperienced sensation of being the most famous people in the Backstage Beer Tent. A distressing sight.

ROB HANN

Gillespie: 'e's off his heads!

6 RADIOHEAD AND PRIMAL SCREAM CLASHING
On one hand, the prospect of hearing The Album Of The Year in a big field surrounded by people wearing fluorescent headbands, on the other the desire to see Bobby Gillespie dancing like a gibbon as Mani played his umpteenth 'dub' solo. Inevitably, many people were unable to make up their minds and ended up in the middle of nowhere watching the lights on a distant ice-cream van flash. Hardly a suitable compromise.

7 EAVIS MAKES IT POLITICAL
In the pure unadulterated spirit of rock'n'roll, it was decided to invite the Labour Arts Minister Mark Fisher down to make a speech. Just what we all needed to raise our spirits, a f—ing party political broadcast. His son might be in The Longpigs, but no-one paid £75 to listen to some old bloke desperately pretending to be 'groovy.'

8 NOWHERE TO SIT
The choice was yours: sit down on freezing slime and patiently wait for a full-blown case of piles to develop or stay standing for 72 hours. Both options were fraught, especially as the latter almost certainly ensured that your legs would never bend again. They should have parachuted in some park benches.

9 OPENING HOURS
Midnight in Glastonbury, you have finally forgotten about the devastation surrounding you by drinking 44 pints of weak lager. Wanting to prolong this experience you set off in search of alcohol. Unfortunately, all the bars shut several hours ago and you can now only drink high-priced Cranberry juice served to you by a crazed Hare Krishna. Marvellous.

10 GOING HOME
We know it was muddy, but still it was worth it just to tell your grandchildren shortly before they clobber you over the head with a spade because you've already told them about it 79 times before...

BOGGY WONDERLAND

DANCE STAGE
Friday, Saturday, Sunday

BEN WILLMOTT and ANDY CRYSELL flee the mud and head for the Dance Tent

PICTURES: ROB HANN

HEY, GUESS what? NOT MUCH MUD AT ALL!!! Not in the dance tent, at least, which, metaphorically speaking, is a veritable palace, sporting thick carpets, sumptuous Persian rugs, waiter service and a dozen log fires.

Well, OK, it's a big top with a suitably booming sound system and a ceaselessly cheerful crowd, actually. But by Glasto '97 standards this is very much the same thing. Oh yes, and it boasts a largely unexpected choice of headline act on Saturday night: **PRIMAL SCREAM**.

Unexpected, maybe, but not inappropriate. After all, Gillespie's band are no more or less truly 'dance' than, say, **LIONROCK** and **DEATH IN VEGAS**, who also appear over the course of the weekend. Then, crucially, there's the fact that they're one of the few guitar bands that clubbers of every ilk love with a heady passion.

A point proven not long after New York DJ **ARMAND VAN HELDEN** brings his brilliantly high-spirited house and hip-hop set to a close. The lights are lowered until a dim glow descends across the tent; Gillespie ambles forward, one fist raised, looking like a thoroughbred space-cadet as ever; Throb lurks in the shadows; Mani seems over the moon to be actually playing live alongside a singer rather than a flat-toned comedy droner (and, hey, it's not often that, by comparison, Gillespie can be called a great vocalist); and the crowd deems it appropriate to come near to wetting its collective pants with joy.

Little wonder, seeing as the Scream are a rampantly heaving, devilishly swoonsome proposition from the off. It's no history lesson, either, consisting mainly of tracks from their new 'Vanishing Point' album; including the mesmerically chunky 'Burning Wheel', the mellifluous 'Star', staggeringly ace 'Kowalski' and their resolutely bonkers cover of 'Motörhead'. Clearly, Gillespie wishes to make a weird, protracted dub-rock opera from his rebel music this time around and this is nothing short of fantastic news.

Oddly, there's only one track from 'Screamadelica', 'Higher Than The Sun', which is played with curt guitar riffs rather than a mountain of blissed-out ooze; demonstrating that the ascent is a more edgy, bruising and draining pursuit this time around; informed by claustrophobic heaviness and dark dispositions rather than hugs and grin-inducing drugs.

Uh, weren't they expecting to do an encore? For some reason they return to ram home 'Burning Wheel' for a second time; then come back for another encore with 'Rocks'. By now, everyone's so hooked on this effortlessly beatific performance that there's nary a single grumble about how such a retro missive could've made it into this otherwise hi-tech domain, and, instead, a recognition that, yes, it's verging on a fine dance tune actually – as impossibly dumb but inherently euphoric as many house records.

As the crowd staggers off to track down the best all-night sound system it can find, the noise left howling through our heads says that Primal Scream have returned with perfect timing, capturing the mood of the moment in infinite detail.

Something which many thought their longtime mates and Friday night headliners **THE ORB** had given up a long time ago. Faced with stiffer-than-a-pair-of-muddy-jeans-left-overnight competition from The Prod on the Pyramid Stage, Dr Alex & co could have sunk quicker than a certain neighbouring stage.

So they sensibly cast aside their acres of 'difficult' new tuneage in favour of a greatest hits affair that is both a trifle safe and just what was required of them. Racing through 'The Blue Room,' 'Toxygene,' 'Little Fluffy Clouds' and a clutch of other '...Ultraworld'-era faves, and with The Prod's technical difficulties driving the hordes back to the Dance Tent in search of the perfect – or at least vaguely audible – beat, they lift spirits like Dame Vera Lynn handing out hashcakes.

There are smiles aplenty too for **APHEX TWIN**'s hardcore comedy set, just the right mixture of playful sonic sadism and crowd-pleasing thumperama. Ending with five minutes of pogo-friendly Pistols to the power of 15 madness, he rules Friday teatime and easily outwits **EAT STATIC**'s po-faced trance doldrums and **DREADZONE**'s knackered dub-dance clank.

Also in the business of keeping our collective pecker up is **SQUAREPUSHER**, who turns up first thing on Saturday morning in full Day-Glo windcheater regalia, supping what is evidently not his first Red Stripe of the day. After dedicating his set to "the mud... just all of it," he presses a few buttons and disappears, only to be spotted minutes later dancing like a jubilant welly salesman down the front.

Aside from **REPRAZENT**'s drum'n'bass set, which is marred by a welter of technical problems, a soup-like sound and, all too often, a surfeit of elements that go nowhere in particular, Saturday afternoon and evening is given over to big beats and indie-influenced dance.

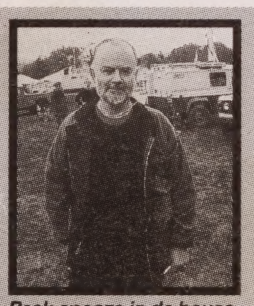
Death In Vegas are firing off their scuzzed-up mantras with increasing venom these days, their Woodstock-sampling 'Dirt' track sounding like a full-throttle rave monster now. **HEADRILLAZ**, meanwhile, attempt to prove they're the new Prodigy, but to no avail. Displaying all the subtlety of Tyson chomping through an ear lobe sarnie, there's no doubting they can bang and crash with the best of them. If only they could plant some zest and agility in their grooves, too.

The Wall Of Sound label's DJs – including **JON CARTER** and **DEREK DAHLARGE** – take time off from incessant drinking for two hours of tub-thumping, welly-wobbling raucousness that's accessible, pluralist, brim-full of thrills and even capable of working the crowd queuing for the nearest toilet block into a lather. Bog beat, it seems, is born.

Gillespie in a baggy wonderland; (left) Van Helden on the, ahem, burning wheel; (top) Reprazent gal goes mud for it

TEN WEIRD MOMENTS!

1 The employees of Her Majesty's **POLICE** force who felt moved enough by Bentley Rhythm Ace's set to indulge in a little outbreak of Notting Hill Carnival-style dad dancing. More bobbies on the beat!
2 DR ALEX PATERSON dropping what sounded suspiciously like an ancient Madonna B-side midway through The Orb's Friday night headline slot, just to see if anyone would dance to it. Of course, we all did and – well done, Dr Alex – we all felt stupid when we realised.
3 SQUAREPUSHER demanding to know who'd been up all night and loudly proclaiming, "The rest of you can f— off." No sleep 'til Winwood!
4 APHEX scaring the life out of the laughable onstage dancers-in-fluoro-skeleton-suits with his breakneck but essentially arhythmical opening tune. They wobble ungraciously for a few minutes before realising they look like Pan's People and shuffle off red-faced. And don't come back!
5 NICOLETTE kickig off Friday's mud-sodden activities in a pristine, sparkling, white ballgown that must have come straight from the backstage dry cleaners.
6 Trainers and fancy club shoes being replaced by **WELLIES** and **WADERS** on the dancefloor. Sure to be big in style mags next month.
7 JOHN PEEL explaining to *NME* that he can sleep through the sound of house and techno but not drum'n'bass. Ahhh.
8 ARMAND VAN HELDEN making crazed frugging obligatory behaviour for everyone – except for the mud monster couple seen kipping in sleeping bags at the centre of the dancefloor, that is.
9 'Higher Than The Sun'? Well, the **MAD CHAP** whose enthusiasm for the Primals led him to clamber up the dance tent's support poles was higher than the rest of us, at least.
10 Inevitable moment of big beat messiness; a comatose **JON CARTER** lying flat out in the mud backstage, mere minutes before he was due to DJ.



Peel: snooze in da house

Carter revved up and raring...